

## There's a Reason it's Called a Day of Rest

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19242355) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/19242355>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Borderlands (Video Games)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Handsome Jack/Rhys (Borderlands)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Handsome Jack (Borderlands)</a> , <a href="#">Rhys (Borderlands)</a> , <a href="#">Meg (Borderlands)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Butt Plugs</a> , <a href="#">Daddy Kink</a> , <a href="#">PA!Rhys</a> , <a href="#">Canon Related</a>
Stats:	Published: 2019-06-16 Words: 3158

## There's a Reason it's Called a Day of Rest

by [loki\\_dokey](#)

### Summary

“JACK!” Rhys screeched, making him jump and sit back in his chair. “DON’T! CALL! ME! AGAIN! TODAY!”

It cut off.

Jack’s lip quirked, the familiar sensations of rage and arousal combining, deep within his very soul.

He slammed his hands down on the desk.

A gift to @PukaoArt on Twitter.

### Notes

@PukaoArt/@NSFWpuk on Twitter posted some DELICIOUS pieces of artwork and I just couldn't NOT write this. It was slammed out in a couple hours and I've barely read it back in excitement to post it so PLEASE don't judge me if I've made any errors.

Here's the art which I implore you to go look at, like and retweet before you read!

<https://twitter.com/nsfwpuk/status/1138593560461099008>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Jack slammed his hands down on his desk.

\*

*The ECHO bleeped and there was a small shuffling sound before he answered.*

*“Yeees?” Rhys’ bitchy little voice bit through the speaker. Jack could almost see the kid, hand on his hip and rolling his eyes probably. As per usual whenever Jack antagonised him, which was a hell of a lot. Jack huffed a laugh at the image in his head and turned around in his chair to his computer.*

*“Hello there, kitten. Just wondering if you could remind me of the codes for access to the HR database.”*

*A beat of silence. “One second.” Another pause. Jack waited as Rhys undoubtedly brought up the information on his holo. “Here we go.” He listed off the codes and Jack quickly put them into the database, grinning when it granted him entry. “You know, you could have at least asked me how my day off is going.”*

*Leaning back, Jack kicked his feet up onto the desk and took the ECHO off of loudspeaker before tucking it between his ear and shoulder.*

*“Rhysie, baby, why would I care about the dull shit you’re doing? You’re probably like, I dunno, cleaning your apartment or doing the laundry or...” Jack yawned. “Or getting yourself off to thoughts of me. You know, the stuff you do every time you have a day off. Do you even have a life? At all?”*

*An audible sniff. Jack snorted. “Excuse me. I’ll have you know I live a very fulfilled life. As a matter of fact, I went out for breakfast with Vaughn and Yvette this morning.”*

*Jack closed his eyes. “Oh wow . You’re quite the adventurer, cupcake. And what other thrilling things are you doing as we speak?” There was a long, drawn-out silence. “Rhys?”*

*“I’m...folding socks.”*

*Eyes flying open and grin widening, Jack sat up and clapped his hands. “Oh my god! I called it! God, you are literally the single most boring asshole in the world.”*

*“Shut up?!” Rhys snapped. Jack stood. He really loved pissing him off. “I don’t get a life because I work my ass off for you all the time! When was the last time you did anything exciting for pleasure and not work? Hmm?”*

*“Uh, two days ago? Against the wall of my office? With you riding my dick? That was exciting.” Not a word from his PA. “Rhyyyysiie. You know, maybe we are boring old shits when we’re apart but boy do we have a hell of a time when we’re together.”*

*A small chuckle. “Get on with your work, Jack.”*

*“Have fun folding those socks!” Jack singsonged back before hanging up.*

*Today was gonna be so boring without Rhys around.*

\*

Jack stood up abruptly, almost shaking with the pent-up tension in his body, and strode with purpose out of his office doors.

\*

*"...Why are you calling me again ?"*

*Jack desperately pulled apart files on Rhys' desk, picking up sheet after sheet to check it.*

*"The data mining project you reviewed yesterday. Where's the damn appraisal?"*

*There was a long, drawn-out sigh from the other end of the line.*

*"It's in the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet by the door."*

*"Oh!" A wave of relief passed over Jack as he sprang over and fished it out. He grinned down at it in his hand. "Perfect."*

*"Can I go back to my day off now? Again?"*

*"Yeah yeah." Jack cut off, kissing the document he was holding.*

\*

"Where are you going?" Meg asked, standing up from behind her reception desk as he stalked past her. "We have members of the R&D team coming up here in half an hour!"

Jack stopped, hand poised and ready to press the button for the elevator. His head slowly turned back to her and his eyebrows furrowed further.

"I'll be back in time for that. Don't you worry."

\*

*"I am going to fucking kill you."*

*“Rhys, please, just....just gimme two minutes. I can’t... fuck . I can’t remember which Eden it was that we sent that shipment to the other day. You know the one. Finance is on my ass about it and I can’t...I can’t...find the...oh.” He held up a piece of paper he hadn’t seen yet in the air and squinted, tired eyes struggling to read the words. “Oh wait.” He read it through until- “Oh, it was Eden-7.”*

*“Yes, Jack. It was. I told you that exact thing yesterday morning. Do you ever listen to the things I say?”*

*Jack wasn’t really listening as he pulled up the number for the Finance department. “Yeah, I miss you too. Kay, thanks. Bye.”*

*He considered the to-do list on the tablet that lay on his right. Wordlessly, he picked it up, turned around and threw it against the office window. It hit it and bounced off, landing on the floor with a deeply unsatisfying thunk. He frowned. He took a deep breath.*

*He screamed.*

*“H...Hello?....Sir?” came a voice from behind him. He spun and eyed the ECHO on his desk. He’d accidentally called Finance after hanging up on Rhys. Slowly but surely, he picked up the device and slid into his chair.*

*“Just airlocked someone for malpractice,” he said, lacing a musing tone into his voice. “Idiot.”*

*The person on the other end chuckled. “Wow, they had the girliest scream I’ve ever heard! Good riddance, I suppose!”*

*Eyebrows shooting up, Jack froze in his chair. The meaning of their words sunk in slowly, along with the prominent sexism. Soon, rage seeped into his brain and he folded his arms. He took a pause.*

*“Say, what’s your name?”*

*“It’s Frank, sir. Frank Garroway!” He sounded so chipper.*

*“Say, Frank,” Jack replied, leaning closer to the ECHO. “Would ya come up to my office? Would ya? Just real quick? I think you sound exactly like the type of guy who really appreciates seeing a good airlock.”*

\*

The elevator was going too slowly.

\*

*Even Jack had to admit that it was all getting a bit much. For some unknown reason, Hyperion had chosen the very day his PA was off the clock to fall to shit, leaving him to deal with it alone. The irony of it all was probably hilarious to someone who wasn't him. The onslaught of work was diabolical. When Meg called through to say that one of the Eridium mines was malfunctioning and that he was needed and should really get on it asap, he threw the ECHO so hard across the room that it slammed into a column, smashed and fell to the floor in pieces. If he didn't love Meg as much as he did, he would have probably-*

*No. He shook his head.*

*No, Meg was probably one of the only people he'd never kill. Her and Rhys.*

*"Rhys," Jack whimpered, spinning his computer screen around and pulling up the vid call option. He drummed his fingers on the desk as he waited. When Rhys' dumb little pissy face popped up, Jack couldn't help the smile that grew on his mouth.*

*"Hey baby-"*

*"JACK! FUCK!" Rhys screeched, making him jump and sit back in his chair. "DON'T! CALL! ME! AGAIN! TODAY!"*

*It cut off.*

*Jack's lip quirked, the familiar sensations of rage and arousal combining deep within his very soul.*

*He slammed his hands down on the desk.*

\*

Jack didn't even bother to knock. He threw open the door, noticing three things simultaneously.

1. It smelled *divine*. Could he detect a hint of...rosemary?
2. Loud music was playing; music that had a sexy, forceful beat that was a treat to both his eardrums *and* his dick.
3. Vaughn was sitting on the couch, staring at him.

Jack waved. Vaughn slammed whatever it was he was reading shut and glowered.

"*Again ?*" he mouthed, folding his arms. He shook his head. "*No . Absolutely not.* "

Jack could only shrug and smirk, gesturing for Vaughn to leave. Vaughn shook his head again, so

Jack moved his shirt aside to reveal the gun on his belt. When Vaughn had snatched up his jacket from the back of the couch and stalked up to Jack, he jabbed him in the chest so hard that it hurt.

“You can’t keep doing this,” he snapped, fixing his glasses into place. “It’s so fucking unethical.”

Jack rolled his eyes, nevertheless appreciating that Vaughn had kept a hushed tone despite his anguish. “Oh, put a sock in it, short stuff. I didn’t see you complaining about this after I booked you a thank-you ticket for that Bunkers and Badasses convention on Eden-6.”

“That was *six months ago*. ”

“And Rhys tells me you *still* don’t shut up about how good it was.”

At this, it appeared that Vaughn didn’t really have anything else to say. With a huff, a deep frown and a turn of his heel, Vaughn exited the apartment.

Jack immediately turned his attention to the humming coming from the kitchen. With a snigger, he sidled up to the open door and peered in, thrilled by what he saw. Rhys had his back to him, clearly prepping some kind of meal. He was dressed in nothing but ridiculously short shorts and a crop top. The entire outfit *screamed* ‘twink’ and Jack’s mouth was watering like crazy already. And, to top it all off, he was swaying that perky little ass to the bassy thud of each beat. It took a lot for Jack to pull himself together and remember the way he’d wanted this to go down.

Silently, he crossed the small room and made it to a hair’s breadth from Rhys before peering over his shoulder. The man was stirring some kind of delightfully-smelling mixture. Good, no chance of sliced-up fingers when Jack *grabbed him* by the hips and yanked Rhys’ ass into his crotch. Jack held Rhys fast as he shrieked, the spoon flinging backwards across the room.

“Who the *fuck* ?!” he cried out, trying to turn. However, Jack was having none of it. He shoved Rhys against the counter and grinned, leaning into his ear.

“Don’t you *ever* speak to me like that again, kitten,” he hissed, letting his tongue flick out and follow the curvature of Rhys’ ear as he referred back to their video conversation. “It *wasn’t* very nice.”

“Stop breaking into my *house* ,” Rhys whined, relaxing now that he knew he wasn’t going to be murdered.

Which *wasn’t* to say he wasn’t about to be fucked to death. Jack cackled at his own joke before noting how Rhys was pushing back into his groin, ass once again moving to the music.

“Oh baby, you *know* that this is Daddy’s home now,” Jack breathed, mouth back on Rhys’ ear. “At least for the next twenty minutes.”

Before Rhys could come back with any kind of retort, Jack’s hands slid to the hem of his tiny shorts and his underpants and pulled them down to his thighs. Jack leaned back and watched as he ran his own hands over the planes of that tight little butt - the most beautiful butt Jack had ever seen in his entire life. And it was all *his* . He grabbed it hard, digging in his nails, which had Rhys gasping and clutching at the edge of the counter in front of him.

“Is -- twenty minutes -- really all we’ve -- got?” Rhys managed as Jack tossed off his jacket and unzipped his own pants. He swiftly tugged them down and pressed his throbbing length against Rhys’ pasty left cheek.

“Sorry, babe. Duty calls, especially when your PA is slacking off.”

“Slacking off? Don’t be a dick- *oh OH!*”

Jack’s fingers had clasped around the plug that was situated in Rhys’ asshole. He’d twisted it and Rhys had squirmed delectably against him.

“Oh, good *boy*,” Jack mused, doing it again and getting a pretty similar reaction. “You’ve done *just* as Daddy instructed. This calls for a reward, but you’ll have to wait for another time to receive that. Maybe tomorrow, just after you’ve got all pretty for work, so I can wreck you into an unholy mess.” Halfway through his speech, he’d taken Rhys’ cock into his hand and begun to stroke it lazily. Rhys was becoming moaning, gorgeous putty in his hands and Jack was getting impossibly harder because of it, just as he always did. With a swift movement - because he was conscious of the time - he pulled out the butt plug and Rhys moaned the loudest he’d heard him in a while.

“Holy *fuck*,” the PA blubbed, hunching over. “Holy *fuck*.”

Jack chuckled. “Yeah, that’s it, call me by my name.” He pressed the tip of his dick against Rhys’ hole, but Rhys shuffled forward, away from the contact.

“I -- oh *god*,” he wept, clenching his cheeks. “No, you gotta, you gotta use your...your...fingers...”

Shaking his head, Jack ran his hands up Rhys’ bare sides. “Oh no, no I *don’t*. That’s what the toy was for. So you’d be ready for me *whenever* I needed you.” Jack’s voice dropped low and he dug in his nails once again, returning to his act of pressing himself into Rhys. The twinkly, twinkly thing whined, looking back over his shoulder and biting his lip. “Aw, c’mon...you can take it, princess.”

“*Jack...*”

Said Hyperion CEO didn’t waste any time then. He used his hold on Rhys’ hips to push himself in, slowly but surely. He heard Rhys suck in a breath before turning back to the counter for purchase. Hell, he felt good. Even better than usual, somehow. Jack put it down to how much stress he was under. Hands barely touching the skin, with one he trailed his fingers up Rhys’ side, up under the crop top, making him shudder. With the other hand, he grabbed at the little baby hairs at the bottom of Rhys’ hairline before gently sliding it around his neck.

They remained like that for a few seconds, unmoving. Jack carefully used the hand on the kid’s neck to turn his head as far as it would go, and for a moment they gazed into one another’s eyes. Then, Jack’s eyebrows lowered.

“Say it,” he growled, grip tightening. His fingers found a nipple and he *squeezed*. Rhys squeaked and trembled. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want you to fuck me,” Rhys said, not missing a beat. “I want you to fuck me, Daddy-”

He barely got the word out before Jack’s mouth came crashing down on his own. With the pressure Jack was applying to his neck, he knew he’d be leaving bruises. Tongues colliding, Rhys letting out breathy ‘ahs’ and ‘ohgods’, Jack pulled out and slammed right back in.

“Oh *fuck*,” Rhys howled, breaking the kiss and throwing his head back over Jack’s shoulder. Jack held him by the stomach and did it again and again and again and again and soon had Rhys screaming his name and ‘Daddy’ and curses and everything that brought Jack himself closer and closer to the edge. Rhys was writhing back against him, using his grip on the counter to fuck himself back against Jack’s dick. They didn’t stop, not once, getting harder and faster. Eventually, Rhys stumbled his feet back and rested his forearms on the counter, burying his head in his arms. Jack was nearly there, and the change in position had him shuddering embarrassing amounts as he rutted to completion. He chanted Rhys’ name like a mantra as his hand shot to the PA’s own cock, only needing to rub for a few moments before he too came all over the cupboard doors below him.

“Oh my *god*,” they breathed in unison, Rhys’ following giggle causing his asshole to tighten. Jack hissed through his teeth and pulled out, the sensitivity becoming just that bit too much. His eyes found the clock on the wall and he swiftly pulled up his pants.

“I gotta go,” he muttered, bending down to grab his jacket. As he did so, he placed a kiss on the small of Rhys’ back. “Sorry, kiddo.”

Rhys simply remained where he was, staring at the ground. He sighed before lifting his head.

“*Don’t* call me,” he said, turning his head and meeting Jack’s eyes. A smirk played on his lips. “If you call me, I *will* quit because sometimes, as a boss, you can be quite intense.” He wiggled his ass. “I think you should consider getting off my *ass* .”

Jack simply laughed and smacked said ass before biting his lip hard because in no way did he want to stop gazing upon Rhys looking so wrecked and well, like...like *that*. And to go back to work, of all things.

What Rhys did next, Jack would never forget. In fact, what Rhys did next honestly made Jack consider asking him to fucking marry him then and there.

Without taking his eyes off of Jack, Rhys bent down and picked up the discarded butt plug. He deliberately brought it to his mouth slow, running his tongue along it before tapping it against his lips.

“As soon as I’m all washed up, it’s going back in.” His voice was an octave lower than usual. Jack could almost feel his dick getting hard again, somehow. No, impossible. But yet, here Rhys was, making heat gather in his groin. Rhys continued. “I’m then going to finish up dinner, go up to your penthouse and treat myself to dessert using your company card.” He stood tall then, tugging up his shorts. He placed the toy on the counter and grabbed Jack by the collar, pulling hard so their faces were millimetres apart. “And when you get back, you’re gonna fuck me again. That clear?”

Jack blinked. He swallowed. He stared at Rhys in awe.

“And here I thought *I* was Daddy.”

At this, a violent shade of crimson dashed across Rhys’ face. Jack felt it fly across his too. They briefly kissed one last time before the older man hurried out of the apartment, leaving Rhys and his brain to fire on all cylinders over what the *hell* Jack had meant by *that* .



Jack, on the other hand, raced into the elevator and landed on the wall inside with a thud. He tried to breathe his pounding heart to a steadier pace but couldn't stop thinking about what had just slipped out of his stupid, dumb mouth. To no one in the *universe* would Handsome Jack have said- he couldn't *believe* he'd just-

“Oh *shit*,” he whispered, elevator doors pinging open. Meg looked up from her computer, raising an eyebrow.

“Do I wanna ask?”

Jack shuffled to her desk and ran a hand through his hair. He shook his head as images of Rhys, bent over, moaning, *licking*, *commanding* passed across his mind's eye.

“...No. you really, really don't. But, uh, do me a favour, babe.” He motioned at the computer, closing his eyes. “Book my PA another day off tomorrow.” He opened them. “He's *really* gonna need it.”

## End Notes

Ha, hope you liked it. I sure loved writing it. Also, comments make my whole world go round so if you DID like it, let me know!

I've got a ton of other completed and in-progress Rhack fics here on AO3 so please check them out! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!